

GERMANS BEGIN FOURTH PHASE IN ATTEMPT ON VERDUN

# The Daily Mirror

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TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1916

One Halfpenny.

**"TEDDIE" NOT THE HEIR TO THE SLINGSBY ESTATES: JUDGE  
ON "LIES SUPPORTED BY PERJURY."**

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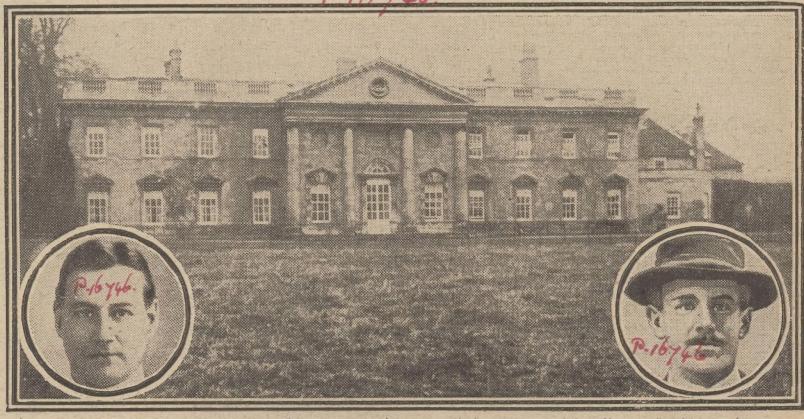


"Teddie." Note the boy's ear.



Commander and Mrs. Slingsby with "Teddie."

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Charles Eugene Edward ("Teddie") "Slingsby."

The family seat in Yorkshire and Commander Slingsby's brothers, who challenged the boy's legitimacy.

After spending weeks over the problem of little "Teddie" "Slingsby's" birth, the Court of Appeal decided yesterday that he is not the son of Commander Charles Slingsby, R.N., and his wife, and therefore not the heir to the family estates. Lord Justice Warrington

said that Mrs. Slingsby had lied on a most important matter, and supported her lies with perjury. At the first hearing Sir George Frampton compared the shape of "Teddie's" ear with that of Mrs. Slingsby's and spoke of the likeness.

## PROTEST MEETING OF HUSBANDS.

Demand That Unattested Bachelors Should Be Attested.

### "FULFIL THE PLEDGE."

"Is it fair that a married man, with six children, should have his home broken up, while single young men in munition works, earning £4, £5 and £6 a week, are able to laugh at him?" (Hundreds of Voices: "No!")

Such was the question addressed to a vast crowd of 2,000 men, a large percentage of them wearing armlets, on Tower Hill yesterday.

The speaker was Mr. Harry Biner, of Leytonstone (organiser and chairman of the meeting).

It was almost unthinkable, he said, that such a thing should be allowed in England, which was supposed to stand for justice and loyalty to her pledged word.

The Government must, he demanded, withdraw the bills calling up the married men until all the eligible single men had attested.

#### UNATTESTED SINGLE MEN.

He moved the following resolution:—"That this meeting calls upon the Government to fulfil its pledge to the single men who did not become lawfully attested before attested married men, under Lord Derby's group system, are called up."

This resolution was seconded by Mr. Lindsay Johnson. We were all determined to win the war, he said.

But, although every eligible married man was willing and eager to do his bit to crush Prussian militarism, Lord Derby's pledge must be kept in full, he said.

There were 700,000 men in starred occupations and 100,000 or more in reserved occupations, and if they added the conscientious objectors there were probably 1,000,000 single men in this country who were able to stand out of responsibilities that were to be put upon the married men.

"I hope the result of this meeting will be," said Mr. Johnson, "that the promise made to the married men is kept."

#### "COWARDS' CASTLE."

"No married man wants to get out of his responsibilities, but we do want fair play for the attested bread-winner." (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Will Dyson said that when he knew that 1,000,000 young men were now shielded in what he called the cowards' castle of the certified occupations he said it was not good enough for the married men who had attested.

He had seen many cases of exemption granted by advisory committees which would have been promptly turned down had they come before the local tribunals.

Amid a scene of great enthusiasm the resolution was carried with absolute unanimity, and a deputation was appointed to wait on the Prime Minister and Lord Derby.

#### ARREST OF ATTESTED MEN.

Several attested men were charged at Brentford yesterday with being absences.

It was contended in each case that the men had entered appeals against decisions of local tribunals, and that these were still pending.

The Chairman of the Board said it was a shame that these men should be put into the position in which they found themselves, especially when they had done all they could to comply with the requirements.

It was disgraceful that they should be arrested and he fully sympathised with them.

The Court, it appeared, had no right to discharge them, and must remand defendants until after their appeals had been heard, and in the meantime the chairman suggested they should go to the recruiting office and make the best terms they could.

#### LOD DERBY AND THE PLEDGES.

Writing to a correspondent at Preston concerning the married men's agitation in connection with which a meeting has been arranged for tomorrow, Lord Derby intimates that nothing is further from his intention than to in any way run away from his pledges, and he hopes that a satisfactory solution of the present difficulties will be forthcoming.

A final question is to be put to Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons to-day, whether he will now consider the propriety of treating all married men of military age upon the same footing.

A statement on the position of men in reserved and certified occupations, and the attitude of the authorities to single men in such occupations, is being prepared and will probably be forthcoming.

The London Appeal Tribunal held its first meeting at the House of Commons yesterday.

The first case was that of Rowland Theodore Cain, a commercial traveller. The grounds of appeal were that he was an only child and the sole support of his widowed mother, who was solely dependent upon the business—that of cigar and cigarette importer—he was directing on her behalf. Appeal refused.

#### MAJOR-GENERAL S. S. LONG RESIGNS

It was stated at the War Office yesterday, says the London News Agency, that Major-General S. S. Long, C.B., has resigned his position at the War Office as Director of Supplies and Transport.

His retirement from the position was sudden and unexpected, and no explanation is given.

Major-General Long's successor, it is understood, has not yet been selected.

## "TEDDIE" NOT HEIR TO LARGE ESTATES.

### Appeal Court Decides That Mrs. Slingsby Is Not His Mother—"Lies Supported by Perjury."

"Teddie Slingsby," a bright, curly-headed boy of six, was heir at eleven o'clock yesterday morning to the extensive Slingsby estates in Yorkshire.

At noon, only an hour later, he had been deprived of his position of heir, and had no more interest in the estates than any little boy in the street.

The Court of Appeal decided that "Teddie" is not the son of those who claim to be his parents, and therefore, the heir to the family estates.

These estates, which are at Knaresborough, Yorkshire, bring in a yearly revenue of £5,000. The family seat is Scryed Park, a fine old Tudor manor house, standing in beautiful country. The Slingsbys, not a body Royalist in their day, have been there for 500 years.

The appeal, which has decided the question of "Teddie's" birth last three weeks, and, consequently, is a decided reversal of the decision of Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane, who decided "Teddie" to be the lawful heir. Thousands of pounds have been spent, both on the original suit, which began at the end of 1914, and on the appeal.

#### A DRAMATIC INCIDENT.

The chief persons in the case were:—

**Charles Eugene Edward ("Teddie") "Slingsby,"** aged six.

**Commander C. H. Reynard Slingsby, R.N.,** of Seven Park, near Knaresborough, Yorkshire, who brought the boy to the court and guardian,

"Teddie" petitioned Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane for a decree that he was a lawful child, and, therefore, heir to the Slingsby estates in Yorkshire. Commander Slingsby's case was that Teddie was born to his wife in San Francisco in September, 1910.

**Mrs. Dorothy M. Slingsby,** wife of Commander Slingsby, before her marriage to him, Mrs. William M. Slingsby, and **Alfred Peter Slingsby,** Commander Slingsby's brothers, who challenged the boy's legitimacy. By virtue of the Court of Appeal's decision they now expect heirs to the estates.

**Lillian Anderson,** of China Town, San Francisco, who was alleged to be the real mother of "Teddie." Mrs. Slingsby is said to have obtained the child in San Francisco, where she was staying in September, 1910.

Teddie did not appear before the Appeal Court, for he is now with Mrs. Slingsby at their home in British Columbia.

Commander Slingsby, who is serving in the North Sea, made a dramatic entrance into court yesterday. The Master of the Rolls was in the middle of his judgment, and was in the act of delivering his verdict when the boy rushed into the unpreparedness of Mrs. Slingsby's evidence.

Dressed in his naval uniform and bronzed with his work on the sea, Commander Slingsby walked to the front of the court. He has a very determined face, and it looked as if he were going to address the Court—possibly to protest.

But the fact was that he did not know what

he was to say, and he was in a quandary as to what he should say.

The Foreign Office here desires categorically to deny these statements, and declares that they are the fabrication of German agents working through China.

Marquis Okuma, the Japanese Premier, in a statement to Reuter's correspondent said:—

"The feeling of Japan is overwhelmingly in favour of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and is friendly towards England, notwithstanding the active efforts of the enemy to create a contrary impression."

"All the chivalry and practical intelligence of the Japanese people insist that we must stick together to crush Germany, our common enemy."—Reuter.

#### "MUST STICK TOGETHER."

**Japan Firmly with Allies in Spite of Hun Plotting.**

TOKIO, March 12.—Official dispatches from Washington state that certain newspaper correspondents at Tokio have telegraphed to their papers that Japan is considering the revision of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

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#### TO PUNISH INDISCREET TONGUES.

LONDON, March 12 (delayed).—An official decree appears in the *Gazette* to-day stating that coercive measures will be taken against any who publish printed matter, manuscripts or drawings which offend national interests.

Any alarmist or false reports or anything prejudicial to the affairs of the State, either at home or in regard to foreign countries, or any affusions to preparatory or executive measures for war, levied with intent to injure, shall be months of suspension if the offences appear in newspapers, but if perpetrated by subjects of foreign countries they will be banished from the country for a period not exceeding three years.—Exchange.

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was happening. He was unaware that the Master of the Rolls had already indicated little Teddie's fate.

He sat down, and after a whispered conversation with Mr. Schiller, K.C., one of the silks who had carried on the fight stubbornly against Sir Edward Carson, listened gravely to the rest of the judgment.

#### THE JUDGMENT.

In delivering judgment, the Master of the Rolls pointed out that it was important to remember that there was no presumption of legitimacy. The burden of proof was on the petitioner.

Some facts to be remembered "that had been proved beyond question" were then stated by the Master of the Rolls.

Mrs. Slingsby was born in Kentucky. After her marriage to Mr. Slingsby in 1900, relations between them and the family in Yorkshire were strained.

At Easter, 1910, there was evidence that Mr. Slingsby believed that his wife was about to bring a new suitor. He was anxious to have a male child, who would be heir in tail male of the Yorkshire estates.

#### WANTED A BOY.

Mrs. Slingsby said that a child was born to her at the house of Hattie Blain, in McAllister street. In the *San Francisco Examiner* she inserted the following advertisement:—

"Wanted for adoption, a newborn infant. Must be a boy." This advertisement was repeated six or seven times.

"The importance of this advertisement is obvious," continued the Master of the Rolls. "Mrs. Slingsby swore the advertisement was not hers.

It was not until the petition came before the Court below that it was admitted that it was impossible to overrate the importance of this."

There was no direct corroboration of Mrs. Slingsby's statement that she had become a mother. The contrary was stated now by the only person who had supported her, Mrs. Hattie Blain.

It now comes to another point, to which I attach great importance," said the Master of the Rolls.

This was the application of a woman calling herself Mrs. Slingsby to the Associated Charities in San Francisco for a child to adopt. His Lordship said that he had no doubt that this was Mrs. Slingsby herself, although she had sworn it not.

#### SIR G. FRAMPTON'S VIEW.

"A woman," said the Judge, "who denies her own handwriting would not hesitate to deny this also."

In conclusion, the Master of the Rolls said that the Court had held that the calling in by Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane of Sir George Frampton, who said he noticed a resemblance between "Teddie" and Mr. and Mrs. Slingsby, was wrong.

Lord Justice Warrington, in agreeing, said that Mrs. Slingsby had lied on a most important matter, and supported her lies with perjury.

The decision of the Court was that the original petition should be dismissed, and a declaration made that the boy was not the lawful son of Mr. and Mrs. Slingsby.

An appeal was made on the ground of similarity of marks being calculated to deceive, with the result that the Divisional Court allowed the appeal and refused the application to register.

The mark was then laid before the Court of Appeal, where it was held that the applicants were entitled to have the mark registered.

The Comptroller and the Court of Appeal, therefore, say that the device may be registered, while the Divisional Court say it may not. The House of Lords now has to decide which is right.

The exhibit was rather amusing. There was a cat standing upon a barrel, with its back arched and its right paw raised as though in anger. The printed matter was as follows:—

"The original cat brand. God save the King. Henry IV, Act 1, Sec. 3."

There were also shown numerous devices of a cat drawing attention to "Genuine Old Tom," "Superior Old Tom," etc.

"Genuine Old Tom" originated not in a cat but from a man named Thomas Chamberlain, and when it became so well known as "Old Tom" when the device of a cat was adopted.

The hearing was adjourned.

## YOUNGEST OFFICER—AGED SEVEN.

### Bayswater Boy Who Insisted on "Doing His Bit."

#### BOMBS ROUSE AMBITIONS.

L. R. G., of Bayswater, is the youngest officer in the British Army.

He will be seven on April 29.

Leonard—for that is one of his names—has been worried about the war for some time.

It is now about a year ago since he remarked "If the war is not over by the time I am seven I shall simply have to join."

At length the suspense became intolerable, Leonard had waited till the Derby scheme came out. Then he felt he could bear waiting no longer.

Accompanied by his nurse, he marched to the Kensington Town Hall and insisted on seeing the medical officer.

It then appeared that there were certain difficulties in the way of Leonard becoming a soldier of the King. He was not, it seemed, tall enough.

#### DULY ATTESTED.

The boy persisted, however, and the medical officer, after passing him, told him to call again for his armlet.

He did so, and this time he was duly attested by the mayor.

He is now the holder of a "commission" in the Artists' Rifles.

"I expect," said Leonard to *The Daily Mirror*, "to go to the front any day now."

"I should like," he added, "a little wistfully.

"I get the M.M.R."

"A lieutenant L.A." he added, "is like me, a second lieutenant. He is going one day to take me to the place where he throws bombs, and then I shall throw bombs myself."

"By the way, I ought to tell you that it was an awful bother getting my armlet—my word, it was!"

"And I've not had my two-and-nineties yet, although I applied for it the very day after I registered."

"Well, good-bye. I'm very pleased to have seen you, and thank you for calling. You mustn't forget, though, that you're keeping me from my dinner."

## THE ARCHED CAT.

### Law Lords Tackle the Problem of Trade Mark for "Old Tom" Gin.

A much-debated point regarding the device of a cat as a trade mark for gin came under consideration by the Law Lords yesterday in the House of Lords in the case of Board and Sons v. Bagots, Hutton and Co.

Notwithstanding opposition being offered by Messrs. Board and Son to the proposal of Messrs. Bagots, Hutton and Co. to register such a device, the registration was allowed by the Comptroller.

An appeal was made on the ground of similarity of marks being calculated to deceive, with the result that the Divisional Court say it may not. The House of Lords now has to decide which is right.

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#### THE KING'S STAMP FETCHES \$525.

The stamp which the King contributed to the National Philatelic War Fund auction at 4½ Leicestersquare, yesterday realised in all £252. It was first sold for £280 and was reoffered, £245 then being realised.

The stamp was described as follows:—"Great Britain, 1865, 9d, plate 5, unused, exceedingly fine and of the greatest rarity." It was mounted on a card which bore the King's autograph.

#### COUNTING CHICKENS TOO SOON.

ATHENS, March 11 (delayed).—It is reported from Salonika that cases of desertion are occurring among the British troops.

The German and Bulgarian officers at Philippiopolis have triumphantly celebrated the capture of Verdun and the march on Paris.

The shops were closed, the town was decorated with flags and there was a march past by the troops.—Exchange.

Read "Flying From the Huns: Daring Escapes," by Agnes McCaskill, on page 5.

# GENERAL SMUTS' LIGHTNING STROKES WIN SUCCESS IN EAST AFRICA

**Still No Infantry Attack Along Verdun Front.**

## MANY AIR BATTLES.

**French and British Bring Down Six German Aeroplanes.**

## GERMANY'S PEACE TERMS.

### AIR ACTIVITY AT VERDUN.

During the week-end there has been a period of relative calm in the Verdun sector, and last night's Paris bulletin reported that again no infantry attack had been attempted, though the bombardment was increasing in intensity.

Our Allies, however, have shown remarkable activity in the air in that region, and in numerous aerial actions, in which the advantage lay indisputably with them, brought down three German machines.

The British likewise have been busy with a "flying offensive," and last night's Headquarter's report announces that three German machines were either shot or forced down.

### GOOD NEWS FROM EAST AFRICA.

The Germans are on the run in East Africa—their last colony.

General Smuts reports that after a ding-dong fight the Kitovo Hills, held in force by the Germans, were taken, and the German native troops were seen to be making towards Kaha in a south-westerly direction.

Enemy forces near Kilimanjaro have been cut off from their main body, and those from Arusha-Moshi are also being pursued.

### AMAZING PEACE TERMS.

Although not official, it is quite possible that the Washington telegram printed today represents truly what the Huns are prepared to offer for peace—at the moment.

Such terms are not likely to prove acceptable to the Allies, but they prove at any rate that the Germans are beginning to get tired.

## INTENSE BOMBARDMENT WEST OF THE MEUSE.

**Foe Loses Heavily in Vain Attack in Upper Alsace.**

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL)

PARIS, March 13.—The official communiqué issued here-to-night says:

To the north of the Aisne our artillery wrecked the enemy organisations at several points on the plateau of Vaucelle.

In Champagne our heavy batteries directed an accurate fire against the German works of Maisons de Champagne and the district to the west of Noyon.

In the Argonne we carried out destructive fire against shelters, railway lines and enemy organisations in the Eastern Argonne.

To the north of Verdun the bombardment increased in intensity to the west of the Meuse against the Mort Homme and the region of the Bois Bourrus.

The fire of our batteries caught gatherings of enemy troops between Forges and the Crows' Wood.

On the right bank of the Meuse and in the Woëvre there was moderate activity on the part of the opposing artilleries. There was no infantry action in the course of the day.

In Upper Alsace, to the east of Seppois, after a lively artillery preparation, the Germans attacked the trenches which we had retaken from them during the last few days in the region between the two Largue rivers.

### 130 BOMBS ON BREULLES.

Stopped by our curtain and infantry fire, the enemy detachments returned to their trenches, having suffered appreciable losses.

During the day our corps and battle air squadrons displayed remarkable activity in the whole of the Verdun region.

A squadron composed of six aeroplanes dropped 130 bombs on the strategic station of Breulles, north of Verdun.

Very numerous actions were fought in which the advantage lay indisputably with us.

In the course of these actions three German aeroplanes were brought down in our lines and the two others in the first German lines.

Other aeroplanes were seen falling, but their destruction could not be verified.—Reuter.

## BRITISH BRING DOWN 3 FOE AEROPLANES.

**Thirty-Two Hostile Machines Engaged—Artillery Action About Loos.**

### (BRITISH OFFICIAL)

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, March 13 (9.24 p.m.)—Enemy exploded mines near Carnoy and on the La Bassée-Bethune road, doing no damage.

To-day we carried out successful bombardments near Mametz, on the Lille-Armentières Railway and on the Hooge.

About Loos and south of Bully Grenay there was considerable artillery activity.

Yesterday there was much aerial activity on both sides.

Thirty-two hostile machines were engaged. One was driven down near Lille and a second shot down in our lines.

To-day another German machine was forced to descend in our lines.

## FRENCH SHELLING FRONT EAST OF VERDUN.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL)

PARIS, March 13.—The following is this afternoon's French communiqué:—

There was no infantry action in the region north of Verdun.

The bombardment continued during the night at Béthincourt and in the region of Douaumont as well as in the Woëvre.

[Béthincourt is eight and three-quarter miles north-west of Verdun, and Douaumont is four and a half miles north-east of the Citadel.]

In the sectors of Moulaïnville and Renvaux our artillery displayed great activity along the entire front.

[The Fort de Moulaïnville, on the Meuse heights, is four miles east of Verdun, and Renvaux is about eight miles south-east of the Citadel. Renvaux is a mile north of Maubelle.]

At the Bois le Prete, near the Croix des Escaules, a party of our troops penetrated into an English trench on a front of about 220 yards and cleared out the saps.

After having inflicted some losses to the enemy our men returned to our lines with about twenty prisoners.

The night was calm on the remainder of the front.

One of our bombing air squadrons, during a night flight, dropped thirty bombs of heavy calibre on the railway station of Conflans. Five outbreaks of fire were noticed.

In spite of a violent cannonade all our machines returned safely.—Reuter.

## GERMANS CLAIM BOMBING RAILWAY STATIONS.

### (GERMAN OFFICIAL)

BERLIN, March 13.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon as follows:—

**Western Theatre of the War.**—The weather having been favourable for observation purposes, the activity of the artillery on both sides over a great part of the front became very lively, and it also increased in activity on both sides of the Meuse as far as the Moselle.

Apart from some patrol fighting on the Somme and the failure of a small French attack on the Bois du Prete there are no events to report.

After much reconnoitring our airmen attacked enemy railway stations and places d'armes, especially on the Clermont-Verdun railway lines, with success.

Three enemy aeroplanes were destroyed in Champagne and one in the Meuse region.

**Eastern and Balkan Theatres of the War.**—Generally speaking the position is unchanged.—Wireless Press.

## FIGHT BETWEEN RUMANIA AND BULGARIA.

**Skirmish on Danube Portends New Ally for England.**

Rumania's entry into the war on the side of the Allies may soon be expected, according to the latest messages from European sources.

The Sofia correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* has given the Germans a warning to that effect, and a message from Odessa reports an encounter between Rumanians and Bulgarians on the Danube, north-east of Rustchuk.

Further significant cables are as follow:—

Rome, March 13.—From Bukarest it is officially announced that to-morrow Generals Averescu, Cotescu and Presan will be nominated commandants of the Rumanian Army Corps.—Exchange Telegraph Special.

General Averescu is a dashing cavalry leader and a personal friend of Lord French. He reorganised the Rumanian Army nine years ago, as War Minister and Chief of General Staff successively.

The Rumanian Government yesterday asked the Chamber to vote £16,000,000 for the requirements of the Army, which numbers 700,000, says the Rome *Messaggero*.

## REPORTED PEACE TERMS BY GERMANY.

**"No Indemnities, and Britain Neither Gainer Nor Loser."**

WASHINGTON, March 13.—It is authoritatively reported that Colonel House has submitted to Mr. Wilson the following German peace terms:

The return of the German colonies. No indemnities on either side. Autonomy for Poland.

The partition of Montenegro, Serbia and Albania among Austria, Bulgaria, Greece and Turkey, freed from British influence.

Russian control of Persia.

German evacuation of France and Belgium. England to be neither a gainer nor a loser.

Colonel House reported that Germany no longer thinks of retaining Belgium or getting indemnities.

It is also reported that the Allies are unwilling to consider peace.—Exchange.

## RUSSIAN SUCCESSES IN THE CAUCASUS.

### (RUSSIAN OFFICIAL)

PETROGRAD, March 13.—The official communiqué issued here-to-night says:—

In the west, on the Riga front, the usual rifle fire and scouting affairs are reported. A German armoured motor-car, which tried to fire on our trenches, was driven off by our artillery.

In Galicia, in the region south-east of Kolki, and on the Middle Strya, we had several successful encounters with enemy patrols, in one of which we captured an enemy post of thirty men.

On the Caucasian front we again drove back the Turks in the region of the River Kalapatous. Our troops captured eight guns in the operations near Kermanshah.—Reuter.

## ITALY TO DECLARE WAR ON GERMANY?

BERNE, March 13.—According to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, an Italian declaration of war on Germany is imminent.—Central News.

## GERMANS ON THE RUN IN EAST AFRICA.

**General Smuts' Swift Moves in Hun's Last Colony.**

## NIGHT BAYONET RUSH.

### (BRITISH OFFICIAL)

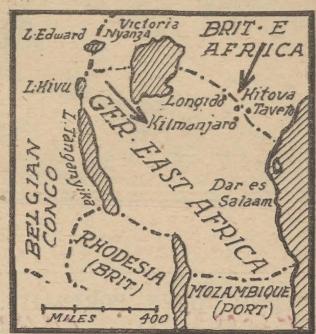
The War Office last night made the following announcement:—

**Situation in East Africa.**—A telegram, dated March 12, from Lieutenant-General Smuts states that the action which commenced on the morning of March 11 against the German prepared position of Longido, in the Taita hills, resulted in a most obstinate struggle, which continued until midnight with wavering fortunes.

A most formidable obstacle was presented by the hills, densely wooded and steep, which were held by the enemy in strong force.

In the course of the engagement portions of the positions were taken and retaken several times.

The final attack with the bayonet was made between 9 p.m. and midnight, and two parties, one led by Lieutenant-Colonel Freeth, of the 7th South African Infantry, and the other by Major Thompson, of the 5th South African Infantry,



secured a hold, which they were enabled to maintain until reinforced the following morning, when it was seen that the German native troops had withdrawn in a south-westerly direction.

While the engagement at Kitovo was proceeding, one of General Smuts' mounted brigades was engaged in clearing the foothills north-east of Kilimanjaro of the enemy's forces which had been cut off from their main body by the rapid British advance on March 8, 9 and 10.

Movements are in progress to bar the retreat of these isolated regiments.

Simultaneously with the above actions the strong column under Major-General J. M. Stewart, C.B., from the direction of Longido, appeared on the Arusha-Moshi road in the rear of the main German concentration.

The enemy in consequence is retreating southward towards the Usambara railway.

The pursuit is being continued.

## TURKS' TERRIBLE TALES FOR SIMPLE FOLK.

### (TURKISH OFFICIAL)

AMSTERDAM, March 13.—The official communiqué issued in Constantinople to-day is as follows:—

**Iraq Front.**—There has been a battle on the Peloponese sector in which the enemy were defeated and sustaining losses estimated at 5,000 at the least.

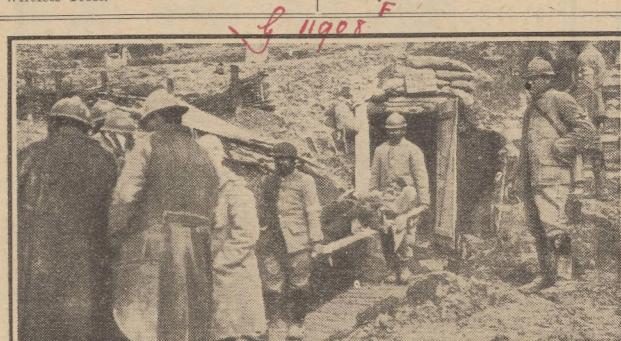
**Yemen Front.**—A British force of 8,000 infantry and 600 cavalry, with 12-centimetre guns, which on the morning of January 12 set out from the direction of Sheikh-Osman, north of Aden, has occupied Afloch and the heights situated two and a half miles to the south. Although those troops with superior forces attacked our outposts their undertaking was checked by counter-attacks which we made from El Vanita.

The fighting lasted three hours and ended in the enemy's retreat.

It was only thanks to his long-range guns that the enemy's retreat did not degenerate into a wild panic. He was compelled to flee into an entrenched camp at Sheikh-Osman under the protection of the guns of a fleet anchored in the Gulf of Aden.

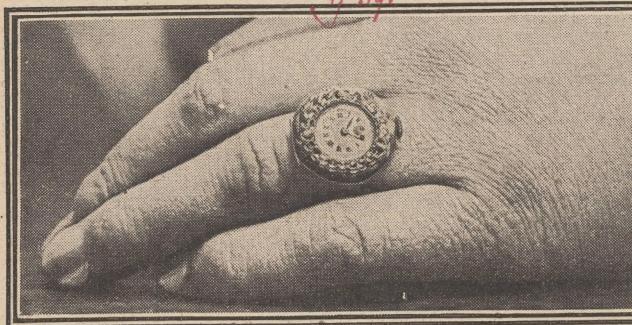
Our troops destroyed the enemy's fortifications near El Meihale and the place of that name, capturing all the pioneer material they found there. A great number of English corpses which the enemy had been unable to bury lay on the battlefield.

The operation on the Yemen front referred to were, added Reuter, in the nature of a reconnaissance to ascertain the strength of the Turkish forces about Subar and Waht, which was successfully accomplished. The British casualties were five killed and thirty-five wounded.



Wounded soldiers, after having been temporarily accommodated in a place of refuge, being removed to the rear. The photograph was taken in the Verdun region.

## VOGUE OF THE SMALL WATCH RING.

*P 391.*On Miss Blanche Tomlin's finger. *L 391*

Until lately this watch-ring belonged to the Marquis of Anglesey, but it is now the property of a Wimbledon lady. It is in gold, blue enamel and diamonds, and has an expanding fitting for any finger.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## TWO NEWS PORTRAITS.

*P 56007*

Mr. Gerald du Maurier, who is producing a new Barrie play at Wyndham's.—(Cecil.)



Lieutenant A. H. J. Bliss, who was killed in action in Egypt last month.

## A NORFOLK D.C.M.

*P 18013.*

Lance-Corporal E. Beales, one of the now-famous Lynn Company of Norfolk Territorials, who rescued a wounded officer.

## DANCER WHO LOST HER SHOE.

*P 18738.*

Little Emma Holderness, who danced with Mlle. Lydia Kyasht at the royal matinée at the Coliseum. Princess Mary was much concerned when the tiny dancer lost her shoe.

## GIFT OF MEAT FROM QUEENSLAND.

*L 11014.3*

Policeman at South Shields distributing the tinned meat sent "with greetings and good wishes from the Agent-General of Queensland to widows and motherless of those killed in the war."

## TO-DAY'S BRIDE.

*P 18737.*

Miss Zoë Hall, of Trinity College and Leytonstone, who is to marry Lieutenant A. G. Osborn.

## PRETTY PARIS HAT.

*S 64900*

Lewis model in grey with red velvet under the brim and a red osprey at one side.

## GREY HAIR AND PROMOTION

A Professional, Social and Business Secret Solved by Well-known Hair Specialist.

## WONDERFUL NEW DISCOVERY WHICH RESTORES GREY HAIR IN RECORD TIME.

## 100,000 "ASTOL" TEST OUTFITS FREE!

WITH military keenness in the air, and with the vast changes that the War has brought in Commercial life, one hears on every side the word "promotion," and to those readers who are grey-haired this word has special significance.

Whilst, undoubtedly, in any walk of life brains will tell, nevertheless it is well known that grey hair has only too often barred men and women from securing positions that perhaps were justly their due.

Undoubtedly a stigma attaches to the word "grey-haired" and therefore the remarkable announcement made here which tells of a wonderful discovery which restores grey hair in record time, and which may be tested free, will be read by all grey-haired people with the keenest interest.

## GOOD NEWS FOR

## THE

## GREY-HAIRED.

Everybody knows the wonderful work that Mr. Edward Harlene, the Inventor and Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill," has done for the Nation's hair, and his latest success has been the introduction of "Astol," a marvellous colourless liquid which

## FREE



actually restores the colour cells of the hair, and floods them again with their natural pigment.

## A FREE GIFT IF YOU ARE GREY.

Fill in and post the form below, when you will immediately receive—

- (1) A free bottle of "Astol," the wonderful scientific discovery that restores the natural colour cells of the hair to new healthy activity.
- (2) A packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, the wonderful Hair and Scalp cleanser.
- (3) A copy of the famous book, "Good News for the Grey-Haired," in the pages of which the use of "Astol" is clearly explained.

Why should you indeed suffer the stigma of grey hair, when you can so simply restore your hair colour? You can regain that smart, youthful appearance, and lose those aged looks that may perhaps be debarring you from promotion?

You will not have to keep on using "Astol" for ever, for when the colour is restored, it is restored permanently. Test "Astol" to-day free of cost.

After you have once seen for yourself the effect of "Astol," you can obtain further supplies from any chemist in the world, over 2,000 of whom have a bottle of "Cremex" in every box of 7 packets (single packets, 2d.), or direct post free on remittance, from Edwards' "Harlene" Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

## POST THIS GIFT FORM

To EDWARDS' "HARLENE" Co.,

20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs.—Please send me a Free Trial supply of "Astol" and packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder. I am anxious to ascertain how I may restore my grey hair to its former colour. I enclose 4d. stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

Name .....

Address .....

"Daily Mirror," 14-3-16.



Note the wonderful change that even a short course of "Astol" makes in the appearance. What wonderous results may be obtained with grey hair trouble? Send to-day for your free supply of "Astol" and commence to regain the natural rich colour of your hair.

# Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1916.

## MORE BRIGHT IDEAS.

OUR cartoonist illustrates this morning a refreshing idea, lately placed before the War Inventions Bureau, involving the military training of birds for the battlefield.

It cannot have been the first suggestion of the sort. When trouble was first indicated in Egypt, we remember that a corps of crocodiles was suggested; but only, we think, by a German cartoonist. Elephants are obsolete, being such good targets, though they were in ancient times a favourite and often successful Carthaginian expedient. Carrier pigeons have performed an A.S.C., or, if you like, intelligence department service. For the rest, those people who write to the War Office about their inventions, or who apply to the Patent Office for patents, must admit that the collaboration of the fiercer animals in this war has had to give way utterly before the principal performances of the fiercest of all animals, Teutonic man.

We know these inventors who write in. We know them well. Often, when they've written in vain to the War Office, they write instead to us; and if we don't "puff" their inventions, they get as angry with us as they got with the War Office for not listening to them.

They suggest that burrowing machines should be applied to the earth of kindly France—something of the mole-like force from which tube railways come—and that these machines should excavate tunnels to the centre of Hun-land. Then, suddenly, at a given signal, up should start these human moles, heaving hillocks of soil about them, and begin the invasion of Hun-land from the centre. Or else these tunnels could be mined in order to blow up Hun-land sky high.

Then, why not angle in the German trenches by extending long fishing rods balanced with bombs? Another suggestion.

Why not extend smoked sausages instead of bombs, and so extract the Hun, goaded by famine, from his retreat?

Or why not send a flight of plague-bearing flies from West to East? An insect suggestion.

Another still. Ummine the German mine-area, where needed, by sending heavy bulk, like the hippopotamus, adrift in that direction. Up flies the exploded hippopotamus! And we advance and invade Hun-land from the coast.

Such are the suggestions we receive in war; just as, in peace, we get similar bright ideas designed for pacific uses. We welcome them. They are evidence of "taking thought." One in a thousand may be use. If so the nine hundred and ninety-nine are justified.

We welcome them. But, as yet, we do not act upon them. Comic warfare is not for this war. But, after it's all over, let us hope the War Office will teach us to laugh again by reciting some more of the bright ideas that have reached them since August, 1914. They may add the proportion of ideas utilisable to ideas imbecile; and thus show us how many cranks there are to every man of sound knowledge and infinitely rare common sense.

W. M.

## PERFECT BEAUTY.

It was a beauty that I saw  
So small, so slender, so fine,  
Of all the universe was lame,  
To think one figure could I draw,  
Or give least line of it a law!  
A poor man's man must count a half,  
A curious form without a fault,  
A printed book without a blot,  
All beauty, and without a spot!

BERN JONSON.

## FLYING FROM THE HUN : DARING ESCAPES.

### TRUE STORIES OF REFUGEES FROM AUSTRIA INTO ITALY.

By AGNES McCASKILL.

ONE of the saddest results of the war is the refugee problem with which England and Italy both have to deal.

Ever since the beginning of the war the men of Italy's "Unredeemed Provinces" have been endeavouring to escape lest they should be forced to fight against their fellow-Italians. Then, too, Austria's intervention, while districts have had to be evacuated for military reasons, and thousands of homeless men, women, and children have poured across the frontier. Once on Italian soil they are met by willing helpers, cared for and drafted off to districts further from the war zone, where work is found for all who are fit for it.

The experiences of many men of military age who succeeded in making their escape would satisfy even the most adventure-loving of boys,

ing instruments and unexceptionable credentials—to an Austrophile landowner on the frontier and told him they had been ordered to take certain measurements on his property.

The unsuspecting worthy not only made no objection, but offered his assistance.

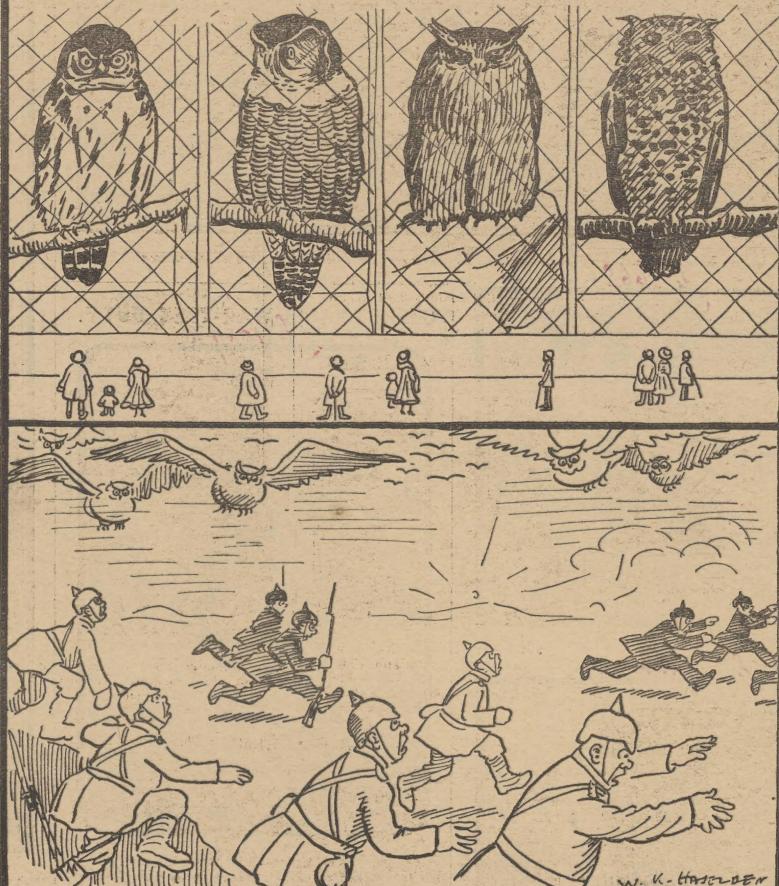
For hours they toiled, getting their host to show them just where the frontier ran through the property lest they should inadvertently trespass on Italian territory. All the greater was his stupefaction when they struck across the magic line and, taking off their hats, thanked him politely for his assistance in their escape!

#### LASSES IN THE RANKS!

A bold farmer of apparently most orthodox political views held a pass authorising him to cross the frontier whenever he liked. He sold his produce in the neighbouring village. He was so frequently accompanied by members of his household that when one morning a couple of sturdy peasant girls drove across with him the Austrian guards asked no questions, but those buxom lasses are now fighting in the Italian ranks! Another young fellow travelled to Switzerland in a case of goods consigned to

## ROPE IN THE FEATHERED "SLACKERS"?

IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED THAT CORMORANTS SHOULD BE TRAINED TO DESTROY THE CHIMNEYS AT KRUPP'S WORKS. INSTEAD OF THE MODERN MANIA FOR BREEDING TOY ANIMALS, WHY NOT CULTIVATE GIANT ONES? OWLS, FOR EXAMPLE, WHO, INSTEAD OF EATING MICE COULD DESTROY MEN



Yes!—why not conscription for birds? The idea has already been put before the War Inventions Board in a limited form. Our cartoonist suggests its wide application as a new means of frightfulness in the air.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

for, as it became clear that Italy would eventually side with the Allies, Austria's net was drawn ever closer over her Italian subjects and escape became increasingly difficult.

Difficulties, however, proved but a spur to ingenuity.

Thus a party of students on a walking tour, after chattering pleasantly with the soldiers on the Austrain frontier, struck up Austrian patriotic songs interspersed with sneers at the Italian Army, intended to be heard by the Italian garrisons on the other side, who reported in kind.

An angry altercation followed, and finally the students, carried away by patriotic ardour, rushed across the line to fight the quarrel out.

Imagine the fury of the Austrians when they saw students and Italian soldiers exchanging the friendliest of greetings and heard shouts of laughter at the expense of the sentries thus cleverly disengaged.

Especially ingenious were three young engineers, who presented themselves—armed with survey-

a Swiss merchant. Half smothered, cramped, hungry, in constant fear of discovery before reaching the frontier, his three days' journey came to have been agreeable.

Of course, all boats leaving Trieste were thoroughly searched, but on one occasion the Austrian official was not only outwitted, but made an unconscious accomplice.

The boat for Fiume was just starting, the gangway already raised, when the cook rushed on deck to complain to the steward that his master had not come. At that moment the butcher's boy was seen tearing along the quay with his tray: the gangway was lowered, the police official lending a hand, and the boy ran on board, to receive a sound rating for his carelessness—so sound indeed that he only realised too late that the boat had started and that he was in for a compulsory trip to Fiume.

He was brought ashore and sent home by the way he was coming, disguised as a woman in Italian uniform to-day!

Many escaped disguised as women or old men,

## HOW TO SAVE. WHAT OUGHT WE FIRST TO GIVE UP FOR THE COMMON GOOD?

#### A MIDDAY MEAL?

PARDON my curiosity, but might I ask to which sex "L. L. E." Eastbourne, belongs, and also if he or she is in the habit of performing manual labour every day?

Lunch may be a "superfluity" to one who breakfasts at 9.30 or 10 o'clock, but certainly not to the worker who begins work long before that time.

Lunch (or dinner) is an absolute necessity in order to keep the body fit.

Some can, no doubt, live on fresh air, and possibly love as well, but not so the masses. I prefer to leave the method of economy to the individual.

A WORKER.

#### EXAMPLE UPSTAIRS.

SO much has been said about the shortcomings of the servant class. Surely it is high time for some one to speak up for the servants, especially on their behalf, for, like all other classes, they have their good points as well as their bad.

"A. D." says the "heads of households" cannot begin to reason with servants.

No, "A. D." and they never will all the time they say "Don't do as I do; do as I tell you."

Let the "heads of households" first set the example, and then judge by the result. It is not "the heads of households" who are to be the parties, at homes, etc., as many do, and then descend to the kitchen and force the servants to retrench.

E. L.

#### RICH AND POOR.

I HOPE you will allow me to take exception to something "W. M." says in "That Old Contrast."

He says that "no class can preach to another about economy."

But the rich have always been preaching to the poor and, I suppose, they have never set the example on a big scale.

Was it to be expected that the poor should suddenly be wiser than those who have always insisted on "tightening" themselves their "bettters"?

But the important point you overlooked is, that the worker at any rate is spending his very own hard-earned cash, while the wealthy for the most part are always spending, and often squandering, the money of rent, dividend and interest, for which no personal service has been rendered.

Barnes. C. J. S.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 13.—The chinodoxa (glory of the snow) is one of our most beautiful spring flowers, and to-day, in spite of cold weather, it makes an attractive show. It should, if possible, be grown in masses, and the bulbs look pretty when associated with early narcissi and anemones.

The species includes the brilliant blue flowers with snow-white centres. Sardensia has gentian-blue blossoms, while gigantea, with large flowers of lavender-blue, is a precious and distinct sort. The blue Siberian scillas also open to-day.

E. F. T.

others as stokers or stowaways, others again openly armed with parapets which the officials visit without demur, but which had never been issued by any Austrian authority! Some, alas! lost their way trying to cross the mountains by unknown tracks and perished in the snow; others were detected and shot or thrown into Austrian prisons.

Refugees tell almost incredible tales of Austrian oppression. No form of persecution was too bad. Thus for years in the Unredeemed Provinces for even Italian subjects in the Unredeemed Provinces to display the Italian colours, sing patriotic songs, or wear the marguerite, Queen Margherita's name-flower.

#### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The present moment is all we can call our own for works of mercy, of righteous dealing, and of family tenderness.—G. Eliot.

## AROUND VERDUN: THE WOOD OF DEATH.

*L 1089 F*



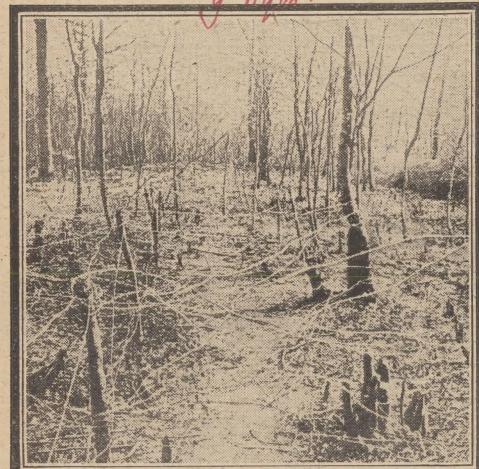
Germans standing before houses which have been wrecked by their artillery. Note the pose of the officer.

*L 566 C*



Prussian artillerymen bringing up more guns.

*L 11208 F*



Wire entanglements in Crows' Wood.

Crows' Wood can be truly called the Wood of Death. In attempting to gain a footing there the Germans are estimated to have lost 25,000 men.

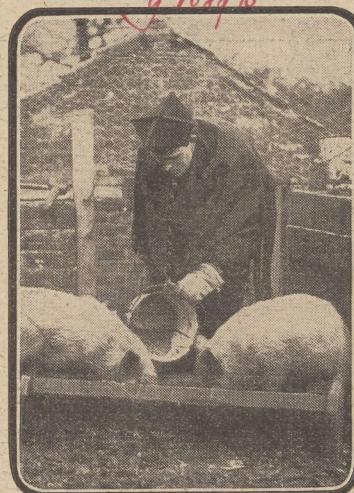
## SHIP ON FIRE: A



A remarkable photograph taken during a fire at sea. The subdued they v

### CLERGYMAN'S WAR-TIME DUTY.

*L 1089 B*



A country clergyman who feeds his pigs between the services on Sundays. Since the war he has undertaken many useful duties.

### LADY BEATTY OPENS SOLDIERS' REST.

*L 1089 A*



Left to right: Mrs. Dunlop (wife of the Lord Provost), Lady Beatty and Lady Mason at the new soldiers' rest at Glasgow, which Lady Beatty opened.

RACQUET

*D 14262*



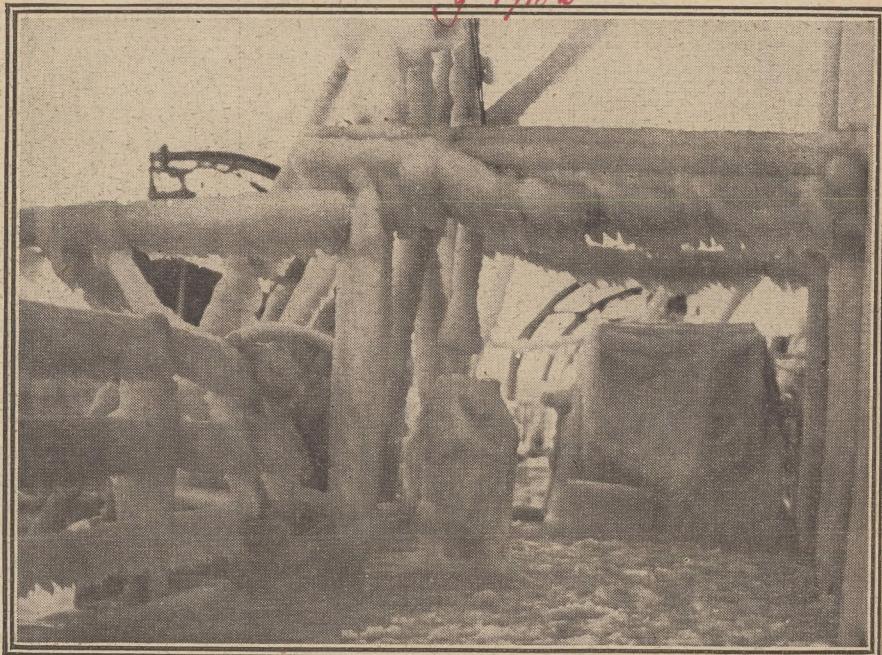
W. A. Kinsella, w  
tains his title as A  
can squash rac  
champion.

## THE OCEAN.



## WITH THE BRITISH NAVY IN WINTER.

F 17/10 R



The result of "making heavy weather of it" during the recent cold snap. Everyone is wondering if our Navy will achieve its great desire soon. Signs seem to say that the enemy is going to give battle soon.

## WOMEN 'MOTORMEN' IN FRANCE

F 19/10 R



Bordeaux is now employing women "motor-men" to drive the electric tramway-cars, and has found them very satisfactory.

## LIBERTY IS THEIR NEW WATCHWORD.

F 11/10 R



A Frenchman teaching the boys in a public school in reconquered Alsace. He has written "Liberté, Egalité and Fraternité" on the blackboard.

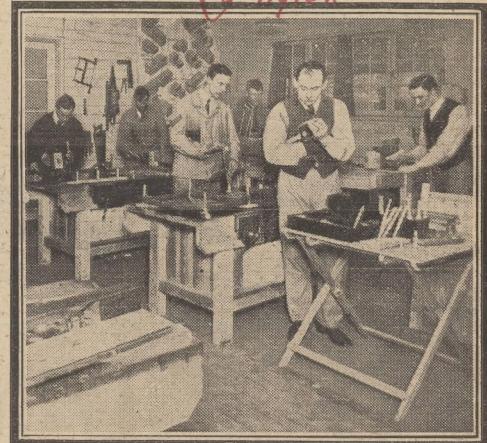
## TEACHING THE CRIPPLED HEROES.

F 19/10 R



A concert in their recreation hall.

F 19/10 R



In the carpentry instruction school.

At the hospital for limbless soldiers and sailors at Roehampton. Their Majesties have just visited the institution and saw a parade of men with artificial limbs.





# ROSALIE

BY MARK  
ALLERTON.

New Readers  
Begin Here.

CHARACTERS  
IN THE STORY.

**ROSALIE GRIEVE,** a pretty, vivacious girl with ideas and a will of her own.

**REV. HUGH GRIEVE,** Rosalie's husband, who is not a man of the world, but is very much himself a man.

**ALAN WYNNE,** an irresponsible, but clever, artist with the accompanying temperament.

**ROSALIE GRIEVE** is riding home in an omnibus. As is usual, being a pretty girl, she comes in for a good deal of critical inspection.

Then there is the man in the motor who watches her with a kind of bland interest that is disconcerting. Rosalie flatters herself that she can arrest the gaze of any young man by a slight upraising of her eyebrows. But this time it is not successful. He only smiles.

He is about twenty-eight and good-looking. His interest becomes so embarrassing that Rosalie lets him go on forward. "I beg your pardon," she says with a certain ominous directness, "but do I know you?"

The young man laughs. He tells her that he knows her well. She is Mrs. Grieve, the wife at Northbury Park. Rosalie remembers—she is Alan Wynne, whom she once met when she was staying in artistic circles in Paris.

They are over old times now. Wynne tells her that he, too, has been at Northbury Park. Rosalie is frankly glad to hear it, as since her marriage she has lost sight of a lot of old friends. She arranges to dine with him and some friends in Soho.

When Rosalie reaches home she tells her husband of the meeting. The Rev. Hugh Grieve, who has made a great success of his church, is clever and popular and a fine figure of a man, and is certain to be a success. But the social service of the secular world is abysmal, and amuses Rosalie, who loves him genuinely and whole-heartedly.

When Hugh sees his wife mention the name of Alan Wynne, he feels a twinge of anxiety, and then he remembers it is Alan Wynne who has been setting Northbury Park by the ears by his unconventionalities and by the strange artistic people who attend his services.

The Rev. Hugh Grieve does not say anything until Rosalie tells him that she is dining with her artist friends. He has not got over the irritation caused by his wife's enthusiasm at meeting Wynne. He is very annoyed, but gives way.

Rosie sees Rosalie home after the merry evening in Soho. Her husband is waiting for her. His face is very grave and serious. He tells her that one of his friends has been telling him more strange stories about Wynne.

Rosalie makes a light reply, and Hugh Grieve's anger rises. His remarks become more biting. Rosalie is given to defend Wynne.

"You have developed a very sudden attachment to this fellow! In his anger Hugh does not attempt to conceal his sneer. He gets angrier and angrier at himself, angrier at Rosalie.

Finally, he tells her that she must not see Wynne again.

The little quarrel is afterwards patched up, and Rosalie says she will not see Wynne again. But one day he calls on her, and Hugh Grieve and Rosalie are together. Wynne is very flippan, and Grieve treats him with contempt.

Hugh did not mention his name again, until one day Rosalie said she had been invited to a fancy dress ball to which Wynne is going. Her husband told her that as he cannot afford it, but later Rosalie finds on his desk a letter to someone called "Lucy" and on the back of it "Lucien". "Lucy" is really a young wastrel named Lucien, who has been bothering Hugh Grieve for money.

She is angry, and when a ticket for the ball comes to her, Wynne decides to go. There is another scene, but Rosalie, fearing for her freedom, still persists in her intention.

## THE FANCY DRESS DANCE.

THE Viking examined his watch again and glanced at Mephistopheles, Carmen and Portia.

"Are you sure she said she would meet us here?" he asked.

"I certainly understood that. So did you, Alan, didn't you?"

Mephistopheles nodded.

"She may be waiting at the hall," he suggested. "Or something may have happened to keep her at home."

"Rosalie would have let us know," said Dora.

"Could you not telephone, Frank?"

The Viking shook his head. "Like this?" he demanded. "My appearance at a public telephone establishment would cause some sensation, I fancy. I vote we get along to the hall. Rosalie may be there."

The vote was carried. They had waited nearly an hour for Rosalie. If they delayed much longer, she would be over.

A taxi cab took the revellers to the hall. Of the four Mephistophelian party, three inclined to be dejected. He had little hope of finding Rosalie at the hall. Something must have happened at the last moment to frustrate her intention of going to the ball. Wynne was disappointed. He had eagerly looked forward to the prospect of dancing with Rosalie. It was solely the prospect of having her for a partner that had induced him to go to the ball at all, and to don a very striking but very uncomfortable suit of red tights and tunic.

"I was an ass to let you persuade me to wear this rig-out," he grumbled. "I've half a mind to drive home and change into pyjamas."

"Pyjamas aren't fancy dress," objected Dora.

"Mine are," explained Wynne. "Besides, I should go to bed in them, not to the ball."

The red-haired Portia glanced at him.

"Rosalie may be there all the time," she said quietly.

"I don't believe it for a moment."

"Are you very disappointed?"

He did not flinch from her glance. "Yes," he snapped.

"You are not very complimentary to Madge and me," laughed Dora. "But we'll forgive you as a number of us about Rosalie. I wonder if Hugh—"

Surely he wouldn't put his foot down at the last moment! Besides, he's not at home."

Further speculation was interrupted by the stopping of the cab.

Their progress into the hall was hindered by a man in an arnour who could not find his ticket. They left him preparing to divest himself of his awkward costume.

As they entered the hall a shower of balloons was falling from the ceiling, and a motley throng was scrabbling for them—pirotots, harlequins, Spanish dancers, nondescripts in the salvage of many Chelsea wardrobes.

"We'll never find Rosalie in this mob," declared Wynne, and went in search of her.

He was annoyed and disappointed. He wondered whether Hugh had been ill, or whether this was the cause of her absence it must have been, perhaps suddenly, else she would have sent word. Perhaps Hugh had returned unexpectedly and had raised objections. Too bad, if he had. Anyhow, his evening was spoilt.

He realised then how keen had been his anticipation of this ball. It had been due not to the dancing—he was not over keen about that—but to the company he had arranged. Malghe Fairchild's warning and advice and dismissed them contemptuously. Of course, he wasn't in love with Rosalie nor ever likely to be. He admired her; he was fond of her company; he liked the way she talked; they had dozens of interests in common. But in love with her... nonsense! Why, he hadn't seen her for years and years until the other day, hadn't thought of her even.

Certainly he thought of her a good lot now. She made a difference—made even Northbury Park a vastly more interesting place. And if she had not been married... But even that would have been out of the question. He was shockingly hard up. Men who are shockingly hard up must not contemplate matrimony with a pretty girl who is also shockingly poor.

The whole thing was ridiculous, and Malghe Fairchild's apprehensions were merely silly. Still, it was a beastly shame that his evening should be spoilt like this.

The bows of the orchestra swept the strings, and the cadence of a waltz led the human kaleidoscope to dance. Mephistopheles, wandering about alone, jostled against the dancers, apologised, felt himself thoroughly in the way, and became still more annoyed. He caught a glimpse of Frank Bettison, the Viking, dancing with a Nun; of Dora, the Carmen, in the arms of a mendicant Friar; or Portia, with a Harlequin.

"What awful rot!" he thought, and meditated flight.

"Is that Mr. Wynne?"

He found himself addressed by a girl in Japanese costume.

"Yes. Who is that?" asked the Bettisons."

"I saw them over there a minute ago, barging into that crowd. Who are you with?"

"My father. That Chinaman over there is my father. Where's Mrs. Grieve?"

"Who told you she was coming?"

"Dora did. She's with your lot, isn't she?"

"No. She didn't turn up. I'm prowling about looking for her now."

"How do you know? Have you seen her?"

Wynne spoke eagerly.

"No. But I've seen Mr. Grieve."

"Who? Her husband? Is he here?"

"Yes. In a Venetian cloak. I saw him at the door looking in a moment ago."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, quite! If you buck up you'll probably find him here yet. I expect he's brought Rosalie and that's why she didn't turn up at the Bettisons."

"Of course. I'll cut off and try to find him. See you later, Miss Francis."

He hurried away. But he did not find Hugh Grieve. Later, he met Miss Francis again.

"You must have been mistaken about Mr. Grieve," he said. "I've hunted for him everywhere—even at the bar. He's not here."

"I'm positive I'm not mistaken. Perhaps he's gone home."

"But Rosalie isn't here either. I'll swear to that."

"It's very queer."

"It is—most confoundedly queer."

## THE BETRAYING TICKET.

ROSALIE had dressed for the ball. Never had Columbine surveyed herself in the mirror with so disconsolate an expression. Columbine in black might have been starting for a funeral instead of to a ball.

The sight of Rosalie's face gave her pleasure at all. It was a dainty costume she wore, well suited her petite figure to perfection. The abbreviated skirt, the long black stockings, the bodice that might better be called only a corsage—these were the trappings of mirth. But mirth had flown away, afraid. The spectre of Hugh's anger and disapproval had driven her away. The spectre had gone from the trappings. Rosalie looked at herself through the eyes of Hugh. He had called the costume indecent.

A sudden uncontrollable impulse took possession of Rosalie. Just as she had been determined to go to the ball in spite of whatever might happen, she was in an instant resolute in her resolve that no power on earth would drag her to the ball.

A revelation as of a hideous mistake came to

her. Fiercely and angrily she had opposed Hugh's wishes. She had scorned his prejudices, taking no thought of the fact that a man's prejudices are often dearer to him than his convictions. She had demanded toleration and he offered none.

Now Hugh was angry. No wonder he had started to say harsh, bitter things. She deserved her punishment. She wondered what she could do to expiate her fault. At least, she could stay at home from the ball. The mere thought of it now was repugnant to her. The sight of herself in the mirror, clad in the costume so distasteful to Hugh, had brought her to her senses.

"Well, Hugh! I've been!" she muttered, and then she fell to tearing the costume from her. She felt she could scarcely breathe until it was lying, a forlorn heap of flimsy gauze, on the carpet. She put on another frock, feeling as though she had escaped great disaster.

She longed for Hugh to come back to her. He would be back next day. It seemed an intolerable wait. Every moment that delayed reconciliation was an agonising torture.

Her penitence would be complete. Hugh would listen to her appeal for forgiveness and they would be friends again. Friends again!

She had talked of independence, of freedom, of her will! What mad caprice had led her to be so insanely foolish? She did not want independence, but mutual dependence. She could not live without him. She did not dare think he could do without her.

She sat idly in her drawing-room, telling herself what she would say to Hugh; how she would bring him back to her; how she would be useful in the future. Never again would she give him cause to be angry with her. She would take arms.

Long after the hour when she ought to have been in the Bettisons, she arrived for her appointment. It was far too late to send word. She wondered what they would be thinking of her. "And Wynne? She would have to apologise to Wynne. That would be easy. It would not be so easy to explain..."

She sat erect suddenly. In her ears was the rattle of the latchkey in the hall door. Then a quick step in the hall. Hugh! It was Hugh! She bounded to her feet and rushed across the room. As she gained the door it opened. Hugh, still wearing his outdoor clothes, was there.

"Hugh! Hugh! Oh! I've wanted you so much!"

She did not see how, embarrassed, he hung about a moment as though uncertain of his welcome. Only his eyes betrayed his eagerness. He was hungry for Rosalie and her comrade. The days he had spent apart from her

were a living agony. All the time he had been thinking of her, been afraid because of her. Had he not said a thousand reproaches at himself. What consideration had he ever shown her? What sympathy for her youth and her looks for pleasure?

He drew her towards him. "Rosalie... I've wanted you, too. I—I've been very miserable."

Neither spoke for a long time. There was no need for words. No "making up" was necessary. They were friends again. Then Hugh looked away.

"This is the night of the ball, Rosalie."

"I know."

"Didn't you mean to go? Were you only teasing me?"

"I wasn't teasing you, Hugh. I was awfully in earnest. I am so sorry. I did mean to go. Bring Wynne, I you, you."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. I think I suddenly realised what it meant to you. Please forget all I said. There's nothing you want me to do, or not to do, that I wouldn't do, or leave undone. I only live to please you, Hugh."

She paused, and went on—

"You can't think how I've suffered! I must be back to make you angry. Don't speak, Hugh. I was in the wrong, but I must make the right. Not because of the ball. Because of wanting to go when you didn't want me to go. Am I being stupid again? Anyhow, you know I want to please you—only you, Hugh."

She clung to him. Then he caught her arms. "Rosalie," he said, very gravely. "You say you were in the wrong. You weren't in the wrong, Hugh. I behaved like—like a brute. I—"

She silenced him with a kiss.

"We'll begin again, shan't we?" She smiled, her eyes shining with a great joy. "We'll begin again, and never be stupid again. Think! All these days cut out of our life. Since you left, Hugh, I haven't lived. I've seen nobody. I couldn't see anybody. I've thought, and thought, and thought. All my thoughts have been for you, Hugh. I've tried to keep on feeling angry. I admit that. But I couldn't keep it up. Oh, Hugh! It's so wonderful to have you back!"

She drew him to the fire. She took his hat and vest from where he had placed them.

"I'll put them away," she cried. "And your coat, Hugh."

She helped him off with his coat. Then she laid it on the chair.

"You dear, careless man!" she exclaimed, and she held up the coat.

To the collar was pinned a slip of paper, on which was pinned in bold figures, "30".

Hugh said nothing. Better to say nothing. He could not explain at that moment that the ticket had been affixed by the cloak-room attendant to the ball.

**There will be another fine instalment tomorrow.**



**MARGUERITE.** Great Value in good quality White Jap Shirt, Hem-stitching down front, and waistband, worth 12/- Special Price 7/-  
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# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

## A Salary "Tip."

I had a strong "tip" yesterday about M.P.s' salaries. The present intention of the Government (and I don't think it will be altered) is that matters shall remain as they are—no suspension and no reduction.

## "L.L.G." as Spokesman.

When the debate in the House comes along, as it will do soon, I believe that Mr. Lloyd George will reply for the Government and state the grounds for non-acceptance of the change. That, at any rate, is the present intention. I'm told that one alternative suggestion that Sir Frederick Banbury is going to make is that the salaries should be a local charge and should come out of the rates. You may regard that as a very unlikely happening.

## Second Thoughts.

The ripples from "P. B.'s" election for East Herts are making very wide circles. I heard a day or two ago of the possibility of two or three more by-elections, with an arrangement, of course, between the Whigs. But after that 1,031 majority a few people have been thinking violently, as Lord Halldane would put it, with the result that the seats may not be vacated just yet.

## And Thirds.

It's remarkable, too, how during the last few days the discussion of a real Air Ministry has been revived—and in quarters where a week ago it would hardly have had a second thought. Yes, in places other than the clubs, East Herts provided the subject for a good deal of week-end cogitation.

## M.P.s Curious.

In one club I found a knot of politicians very curious to see how "P. B." would figure in the House to-day. They took it for granted that he would speak on the Army Estimates. One of them assured me that he would have a big house to listen to him, and that not the least interested members would be the occupants of the Treasury Bench.

## A "Pledge" Statement.

From two or three whispers that have come my way, this week will be an interesting one at Westminster. I know several M.P.s who are determined that a good deal is heard about recruiting questions, and it is extremely probable that an important statement will be forthcoming from the Government about the "Single men first" pledges. The Premier himself is likely to make it.

## That Letter.

One of the little mysteries that M.P.s are speculating about is: What is in the letter that "Winston" left with Sir Frederick Cawley, the chairman of the Liberal group? Some members of the group have been meeting each other quite a lot during the last few days, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if the letter became public property soon. In the meantime I'm told that the group is going to be very busy on the Army Estimates.

## Under Different Conditions.

This week's Army debate will be remarkable for the absence of organised official opposition criticism. Of previous members of the Army Council, only Colonel Seely and Mr. H. T. Baker are in the Commons, and neither is likely to attack the Government.

*P. 228.* What a change from the days when Viscount (then Mr.) Halldane began to reduce the Army and was assailed by an official opposition in which were two previous Secretaries of State for War—Mr. Arnold-Forster and Lord Midleton.

## Much Talk.

Before the actual Army estimates can be reached it will be necessary for the House to resolve itself into committee, and to do this the Speaker has to be voted out of the chair, a process which will entail a whole day's talking. And the debate will be concerned mainly with air matters, and not word about the Speaker. The Speaker never occupies the chair when the estimates are under consideration.



Colonel Seely.

## A Stiff Job.

Lord Derby is back in town, and I'm told that immediately on his return he plunged into the recruiting perplexities and got very, very busy. There have been several important "confabs" and a lot of gingering up, with the result, I hear, that some extremely interesting statements will be made during the Army debate which opens in the House to-day.

## Working It Out.

During the last few days some members of the Government and financial experts have been working very hard on the question of the relief of the married men's responsibilities. There are still hosts of things to be decided upon, but it is thought likely that some definite statement may be made to-day or to-morrow.

## Hard at It.

I caught sight of Mr. Tennant yesterday, and thought he looked as though he had been putting in a lot of overtime. A friend tells me that he has been "swotting" away like anything on all sorts of Army subjects in the hope of not being caught napping this week.

## Resting.

Miss Marie Lohr, who is now resting after her long success in "The Ware Case," will appear this afternoon at Miss Mary Moore's special matinée at the Criterion for the British Women's Hospital, the Star and



Miss Marie Lohr.

Garter. Mlle. Adeline Genee, Miss Lily Elsie and Miss Gladys Cooper are other beautiful favourites who have promised their services, and Miss Moore herself will repeat her performance of Mrs. Baxter in "The Möllusc."

## Lady Anglesey.

I hear that Lady Anglesey has been doing a lot of entertaining at her place in Cannes, but it is the right sort of entertaining—that of wounded officers!

## Art and Arms.

Mr. L. Raven-Hill, cartoonist and sharpshooter, knows a tremendous lot about pigs, for he bred them for some years in Wiltshire. When he was elected to the committee of a famous Bohemian club he persistently advocated that Bradenham ham should be always on the cold sideboard.

## The Girl Chauffeur.

Never tell me the girl chauffeur has not got nerve. On Sunday I saw one do a smart thing near Beckenham. A little lad was exercising a big dray horse lost control of the animal, and it bolted with him. And this girl, who apparently saw the incident in her reflecting mirror, edged the runaway neatly into a corner, where its little pilot was able to regain control of it.

## Jolly Jim Again.

Jolly Jim, the humorous burglar who works in the neighbourhood of the Crystal Palace, has been at it again. In a house from which he lifted a substantial sum in gold he left a note: "Do not hoard gold. Put it into War Loan, or it will be taken by yours truly, Jolly Jim."

## Two Queer Loads.

One sees strange things being hauled along the streets at times. Yesterday I was interested in two big motor-lorries in Piccadilly which were piled high with sticks and umbrellas, and I was told they had been collected from the lost property offices of the Tube railways.

## The Queen's Postcards.

Everyone knows, of course, what fine collections of postage stamps both King George and the Prince of Wales possess. But it may not be so generally known that Queen Mary has what is probably the finest collection of picture postcards in the world. On the royal tours through the Colonies and India her Majesty acquired large numbers, and from abroad she receives all the best that appear from time to time.

## A Modern Dick Turpin.

Don't be alarmed if you fancy you see the ghost of Dick Turpin in the West End. I met it yesterday in Oxford-circus. It really is only a French midinette in the "latest from Paris," a costume designed like the riding habit of the "good old days."

## Chums All.

Since men and women have become so chummy, a consequence of the war, lonely females sitting in railway carriages no longer make a dash for the platform when they see a man approaching their compartment. Most of the unwritten laws in regard to accepting little kindnesses from strangers are rescinded. There is an ease and friendliness between the sexes which never existed before in these islands. The stony stare is disappearing. We are all "matey," and men have ceased to think that women are only out to marry them.

## Wise Gulls.

I hear the gulls are at Marble Hill Park, which is by Twickenham, and they are having a gorgeous time. The park is flooded, and there is a good harvest of fish from the river. Never before have the inhabitants of Marble Hill had a visit from the seagulls. It is extraordinary how they know where food can be found and how soon a large number congregate. I should think they are dreadful gossips.

## Still More Groups.

There will soon be as many groups in the House of Commons as there are of Lord Derby's men. I hear of one or two more that are in process of formation, although just what their special programmes will be or to whom they will owe allegiance is as yet something of a mystery.

## War in the Prison.

A prison warden was telling me how keen the convicts are over the war. All the news they get is a few brief items the chaplain gives them every Sunday, which they look forward to eagerly. "I believe," this warden said, "that most of them would make up for all their past misdeeds and prove real good 'uns if they were allowed to join up. And they would go to a man, if they had half a chance," he added.

## Thought for the Absent.

Being near the Marble Arch yesterday, I dropped into that restful little sanctuary, the Chapel of the Ascension, which was built by the late Mrs. Russell Gurney, not for set services, but for repose and silent prayer. "Since the war," said the attendant, "more people than ever have come in here. There are many fashionable women who have near relatives at the front who never miss a day."

## The Carlton and the Stage.

The Carlton seems a great favourite with the stage. I noticed there the other day at lunch Miss Iris Hoey, Mrs. Arthur Playfair (wearing a tiny black hat), Miss Olga Nethersole (in blue) and Mr. Arthur Bourchier, looking particularly vigorous in a light grey suit.

## Munster Matinee.

The Royal Munster matinée is to take place at the Queen's Theatre on April 23. The entertainment is to be a variety one organised by the Royal Munster Fusiliers' Prisoners of War Committee, Farnborough, an organisation composed of the officers and relatives of the regiment, which sends food to over 600 interned Munsters weekly. Many novel features have been arranged to make the entertainment an unusually interesting one.

THE RAMBLER.



BABY HAYMAN.

## Had Measles and Bronchitis.

21, Redland Street, Newport, Mon.

Dear Sirs,

I enclose a photo of my baby. She is the first I have reared out of four, having lost three boys. She has been fed on Virol since she was a fortnight old, and has thrived on it ever since. I have had no trouble with her as regards health, not even when she had measles and bronchitis last winter. She is a healthy, happy child, and I find her such company now her daddy is out at the Front. I have sent her photo out to him and he is delighted with it. I cannot speak too highly of Virol and recommend it whenever I can.

Believe me, yours faithfully,  
A. HAYMAN.

## VIROL

In Measles and Whooping Cough Virol should be given to children of whatever age. Virol increases their power of resistance and recovery and strengthens them against dangerous after effects.

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S.H.B.

## Insomnia

Many people spend half the night, not in sleeping, but in worrying over their affairs, and consequently arise feeling more tired than when they go to bed.

The cause of the trouble is often nothing more than imagination, which brings palpitation of the heart, a disordered nervous system, and mental unrest.

An excellent thing to counteract sleeplessness is a cup of Savory & Moore's Cocoa and Milk taken before retiring. It nourishes the body, soothes the nerves, and is so easily digested that it can be taken even by the most delicate without the least fear of disagreeing. In all cases of Insomnia and Nervous Dyspepsia it is extremely beneficial. It is made in a moment, hot water only being required.

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"THE COWARD'S CASTLE": MEETING OF LONDON'S ATTESTED HUSBANDS.

f 1460 M.



London's attested married men held a "Single men first" protest meeting on Tower Hill yesterday, and here they are seen calling upon the Government to fulfil their pledge. There were no dissentients. The speaker shown in the photograph is Mr.

William Dyson, who emphasised the fact that the meeting was a patriotic one. They meant to see, however, he said, that the million single men "slacking in the coward's castle of certified occupations" went first.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

MR. G. J. JENKIN,



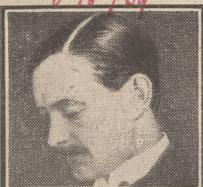
The traveller and author, who will lecture on Serbia to-day. He returned recently.

KULTUR AT HOME.



Mrs. Spottiswoode, who is collaborating in "Kultur at Home" with Mr. Besier.

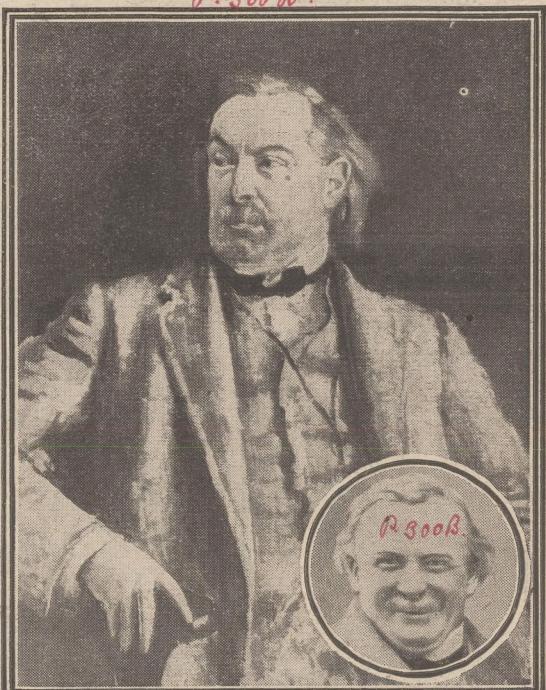
AIRMAN KILLED.



Captain G. C. N. Nicholson, whose death by accident is a serious loss to flying.

MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN'S LLOYD GEORGE.

P 300 B.



THE KING'S STAMP SOLD TWICE: £525 REALISED.

P 1843P.



On being re-offered by the first buyer the stamp which the King contributed to the National Philatelic War Fund auction was sold for £245. It realised in all £525. The photographs show the stamp being put up for auction, and Mr. Frank Godden, the new owner.

This remarkable portrait, which has aroused so much interest, is on view at the Chenil Galleries, Chelsea. In the circle is one of the latest photographs of the Minister of Munitions.